



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

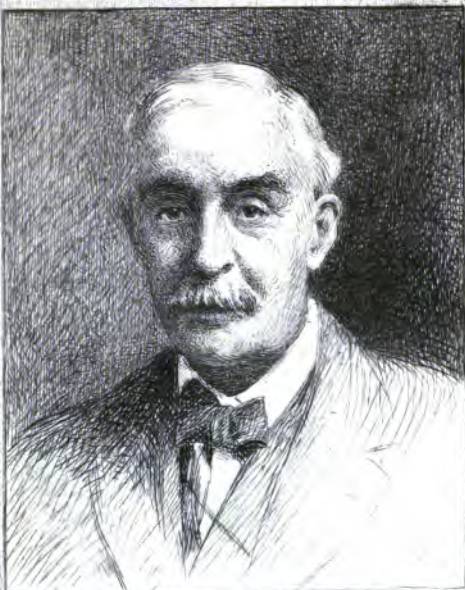
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
**ROBERT MARK WENLEY**  
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY  
1896 — 1929  
GIFT OF HIS CHILDREN  
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

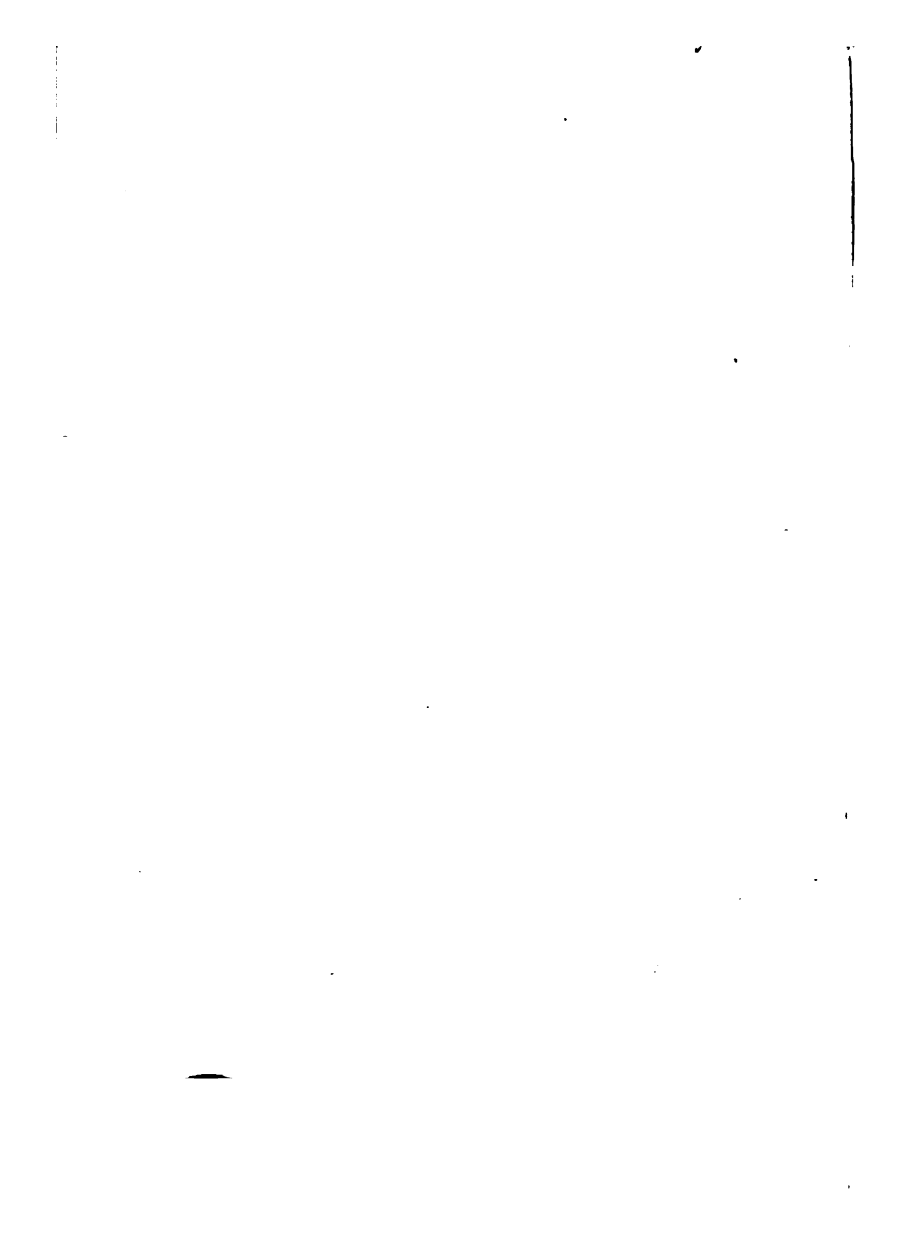


BV

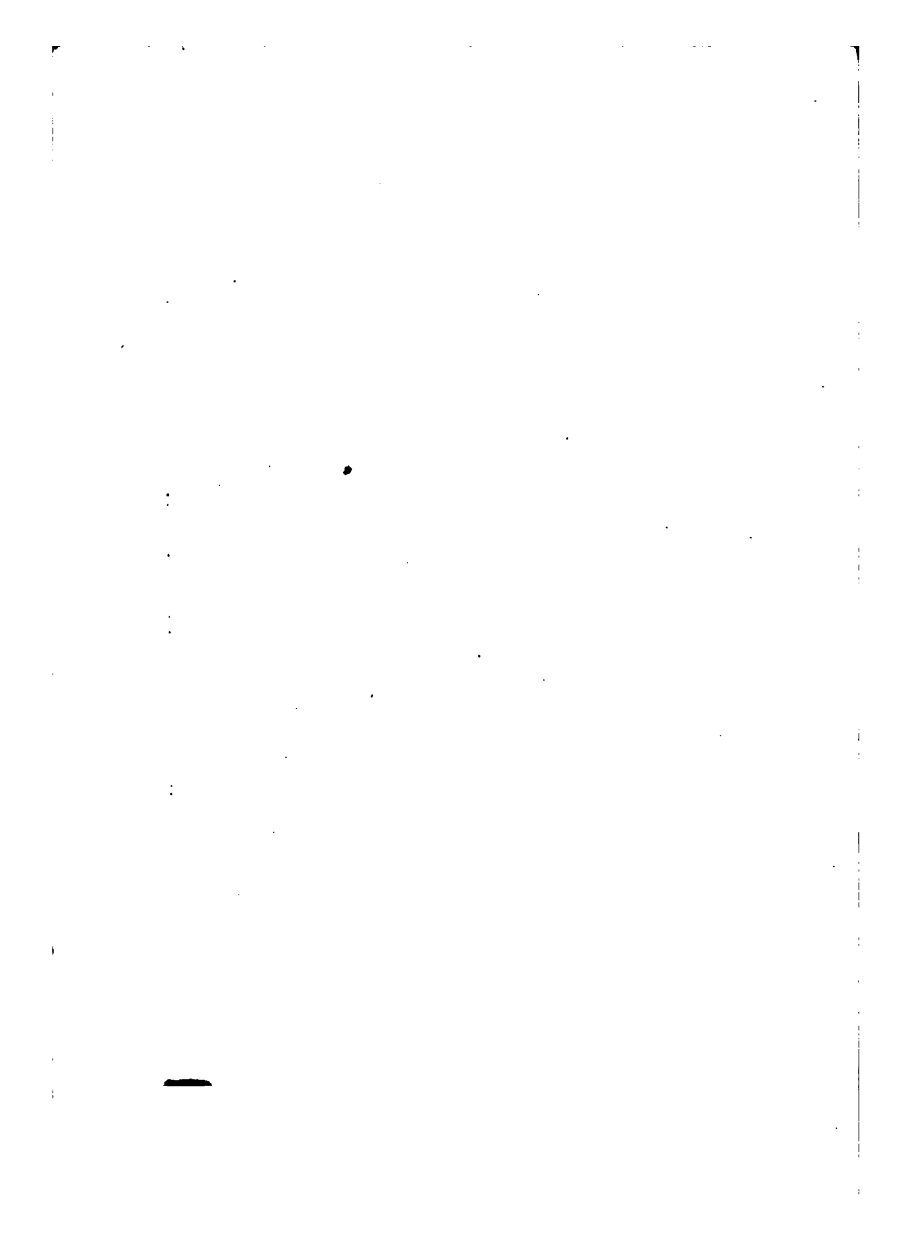
4832

592

Rumblak



**MY LITTLE BOOK  
OF PRAYER**



# MY LITTLE BOOK OF PRAYER

BY  
MURIEL STRODE



CHICAGO  
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LONDON AGENTS  
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.  
1905

**COPYRIGHT BY  
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.  
1904**

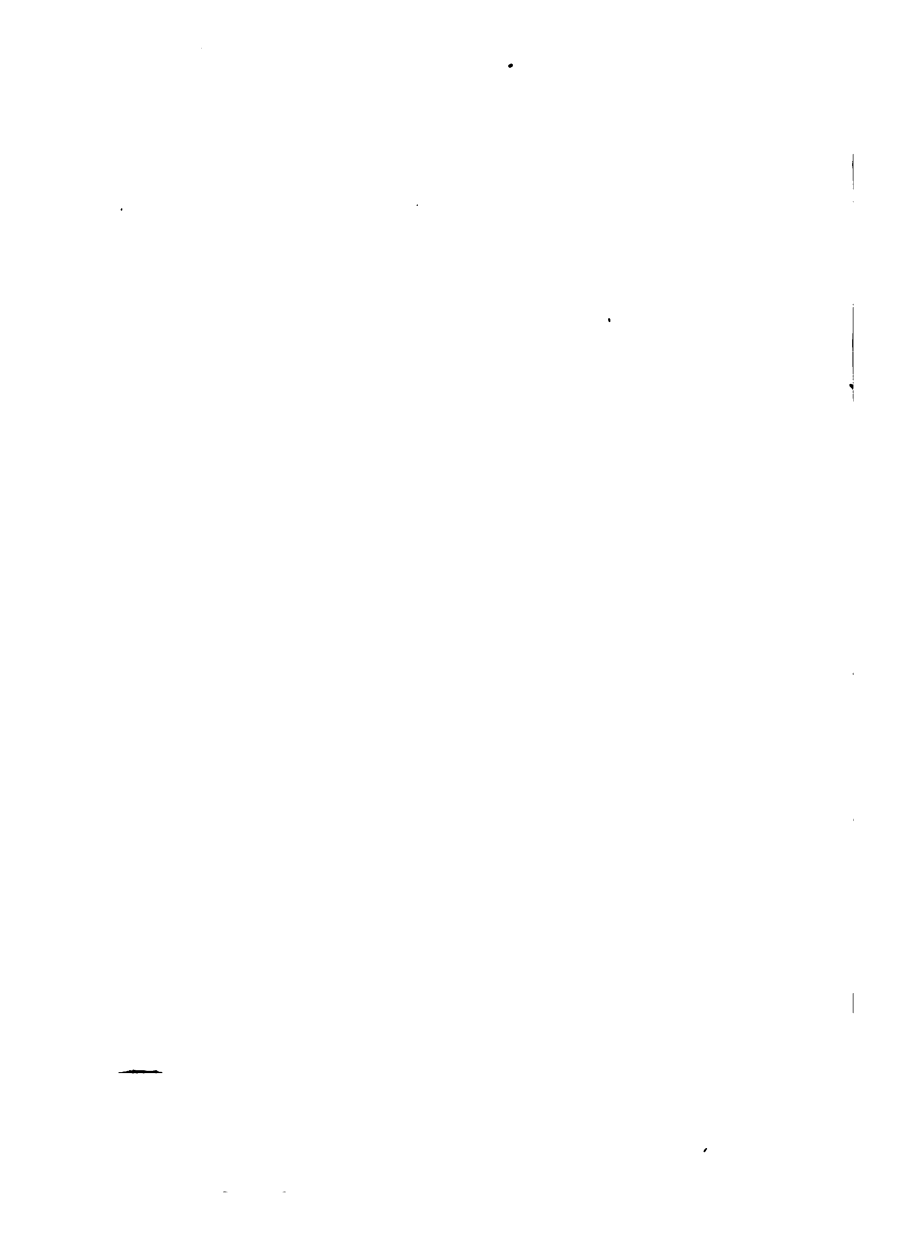


gt-worley lib  
5-25-39

Q 6.5-39 JH

## **My Creed.**

Not one holy day, but seven.  
Worshipping, not at the call of a bell,  
but at the call of my soul.  
Singing, not at the baton's sway, but  
to the rhythm in my heart.  
Loving because I must.  
Giving because I cannot keep.  
Doing for the joy of it.





**I WILL** ask no other anointing save this—to draw very near to my own soul.



**I MAY** not overcome the inevitable, but O, it is mine to see that the inevitable does not overcome me.



**I PRAYED** for deliverance, and to prove the efficacy of prayer, I became my own deliverer.





**O** GOD, whate'er befall, spare  
me that supreme calamity —  
let no after-bitterness settle down  
with me. Misfortune is not mine  
until that hour.



**I** WILL not ask that you nor you  
shall teach my soul the way, but  
I will trust my soul.

I will not ask that you nor you  
approve. The wild thyme is itself  
nor asks consent of rose nor reed.





**I**F the populace marched in file,  
'twere my signal to break from  
the ranks.

If a thousand generations did  
thus and so, 'twere my cue to do  
otherwise.





**I LONGED** to build as you had builded, but I knew that your joy lay in the conception of your own design.

I longed to follow where your feet had trod, but I had watched your exhilaration as you felled a new way.

I longed to do that thing you did and be that thing you are, but I knew life's complement was yours because you were yourself.





**I** WILL not follow where the path  
may lead, but I will go where  
there is no path, and I will leave a  
trail.



**I**NFINITELY will I trust nature's  
instincts and promptings, but I  
will not call my own perversions  
nature.





**E**ACH receives but that which is  
his own returning.

Each hears but that which is the  
echo of his own call.

Each feels but that which has eaten  
into his own heart.



**I** DO not bemoan misfortune. To  
me there is no misfortune. I  
welcome whatever comes; I go out  
gladly to meet it.







**I**T is no stigma to wear rags; the disgrace is in continuing to wear them.



**O** MY Cinderella, how gayly thou dost dance in thy crystal slippers. Can it be that thou, too, art dancing to a memory? Dost remember a night-long vigil when the salt must be culled from the ash?





**S**AY not that this or that thing  
came to thwart you; it came  
only to test you.



**I** NEVER doubt my strength to  
bear whatever Fate may bring,  
but Oh! that I may not go down  
before that which I bring myself.





**THINK** not because the chrysalis struggles that it is in need of you. Oh! I pray you, stay your eager hands, lest you despoil its silver wings.



**THE** earth shall yet surrender to him and the fates shall do his will, who marches on, though the promised land proved to be but a mirage, and the day of deliverance was cancelled. The gods shall yet anoint him and the morning stars shall sing.





**A**ND when I pray my prayer of thankfulness, it shall be that I had only poverty to overcome. I have seen him who must overcome wealth.



**O** GOD, let not that cumbrance be upon me of unmeaning lands and store, O let that weary weight rest not upon my soul. But give me, Lord, O give for my enchantment, that little wilding place of mine which I have worn with by-paths as I wandered there in dream.





**I** WILL not pray that each day be  
a perfect day, but I will pray to  
lapse not into indifference.

I will not pray that each time I  
shall build both strong and true,  
but, imperfect, I will pray for im-  
pulse that I may build anew.





**G**IVE me not, O God, that blind,  
fool faith in my friend, that  
sees no evil where evil is, but give  
me, O God, that sublime belief,  
that seeing evil I yet have faith.



**I** PRAY not for the laggard's rest,  
nor surcease nor respite do I  
crave, but Lord, Lord, discipline my  
soul to tranquil ways, teach me the  
endless calm.





**O** GOD, I pray that not too much of calm be mine, but one day let the maddened rush of waters break against my soul.

O God, I pray for not too much of joy, but let me also weep alone in life's great night of woe.

O God, I pray for not too much of loving, but let my breast know bitterness, and let my heart know an unanswered cry.





**N**OT mine to declare when wounded that there is no pain, but Oh! to be able to say "I can endure pain."

Not mine to say when defeated that I do not care, but caring, to be able to say, "It shall not matter ultimately."







**O**H! to be that strong in myself,  
that I ask not the morrow to  
be revealed.



**T**HE incoming may still thy  
heart's weeping, but only that  
which thou sendest forth will still  
the deeper cry of thy soul.





**A**ND when I pray my prayer for a contented mind, perhaps I will bethink me and pray for discontent, lest life's awful apathy set in.



**A** FEEBLE conception means a child still-born, or a weakling. Oh! I tell you, it is desire! desire! desire! that brings forth a vital offspring.





**W**ISHING will bring things in  
the degree that it incites you  
to go after them.



**I** WOULD travel in all climes that  
I might return and tell you of  
the beauty of my own little garden  
plot.

I would explore heaven and hell  
that I might come back and tell  
you what a charming place is the  
earth.





**T**HE star shines on in its starry  
realm, nor ever stops to relate.  
It is I, I, this lowly firefly, with heart  
afame with longing, that shall tell  
you the wondrous story of the star.



**W**HEN I shall get back to the  
naturalness of things I shall  
dispense with that prayer to resist  
desire.





**G**IVE me that toiler's joy who  
has seen the sunlight burst on  
the distant turrets in the land of his  
desire.



**P**RAY that thy dreams come true,  
yet, O thou shalt pray well if  
thou shalt pray for deferred fulfill-  
ment.





**H**IS to rejoice with exceeding great joy who plucks the fruit of his planting, but his the divine anointing who watched and waited, and toiled, and prayed — and failed — and can yet be glad.



**I** PRAYED to be set free, and then I prayed that only mine own hands should set me free, that gaining freedom, I might not miss the overcomer's joy.





**I** AM glad the thorn is on my brow,  
that the blood trickles over my  
face: when I see my brother's wounds  
I will also feel his pain.

I am glad I fell to-day beneath  
my cross: when I see another pros-  
trate I will know the weight of the  
burden.

I am glad I cried for succor: I  
will know the sound of a heart-cry.

I am glad I suffered alone, de-  
serted: I will know the bitterness of  
desolation.





**L**ET my grave be unmarked: I  
fear not to be forgotten.



**I** PRAY not for your approval —  
the approval is not to you.



**M**AY God forgive you your weak-  
ness — but let him damn mine.







**T**HAT you will not pardon — it  
will not essentially matter, but  
O if it should be that I could not  
forgive myself.



**I** SEARCHED up and down the  
earth — and found it in my own  
soul.

I implored heaven and hell —  
and the field daisies answered me.





**W**HEN I pray, it shall be to the  
God within, and the respon-  
sibility of the fulfillment shall rest  
on me.

When I curse Fate—I will not  
curse Fate, I will not shift the respon-  
sibility; I will call down anathema  
on my own head.





**I WILL** not covet the gift that is yours, but I will pray that mine own be revealed.

I will not gaze with envious eyes while you mould the pliant clay, but I will take up mallet and chisel and go to work myself.





**Y**ESTERDAY I prayed for patience and for strength to bear, but to-day I prayed for the spirit to rise up in my might and declare, "I am not the sacrifice. These are none of mine."





**O** GOD, let me not say, "Thine the power, glory be to God!" whilst thou dost, waiting, listen for me to say, "Mine the power, glory be to God!"



**I** LONGED for opportunity to do my work, for conditions that would foster and advance, and just to prove the earnestness of my desire, that I could do the work were these things mine, I set about and did it while I pined.





**I WILL not pray for strength.  
Dear Heaven, I am a Hercules  
of disseminated force.**

**I will not pray for opportunity.  
Dear Lord, the time and place are  
mine when I am equal to the time  
and place.**





**O** GOD, mine be that of which  
my lips fail in the uttering,  
which my soul can only express in  
its yearning, yet mine as true as  
this deep desire is mine, mine as  
true as this great unrest is mine.





**N**OT alone for that which is mine  
will I rejoice, but for that  
which has been withheld, which was  
coveted and longed for, but denied,  
for I am what I am for having had  
to rise superior to the need.



**H**OPE not to sing a more won-  
drous song when thou hast  
reached the summit. Here on these  
slopes it must be born whilst thou  
art toiling up the way.







**I** MAY never take you farther than  
I have been myself, but you may  
press on when I tell you of the  
vision I beheld.

You may never fashion from the  
thing I wrought, but you may take  
your reckoning from the rare design  
where my clumsy hands fell short.





**I**T is but common to believe in him who believes in himself, but O, if you would do aught uncommon, believe yet in him who does not believe in himself. Restore the faith to him.





**I WILL** give my strong right hand  
to him who knows not the clasp  
of friendship.

I will sing my sweetest songs to  
him who has heard naught but dis-  
cord.

I will give my fairest roses to him  
in whose life the flowers have never  
bloomed.

I will give to the heart-hungry my  
life's best love.





**I SAW** a rare flower growing, and  
I sought to know whence came  
its entrancing redolence, its won-  
drous glow, and I saw that where it  
grew the ground was wet with tears.

I heard a song, and enraptured I  
sought to know the source of that  
melody, so deep, so sweet, and I saw  
that to reach the ambiency it must  
cross the threshold of a quivering lip.





**I** WILL go back to the parting of the ways, and there on a cross-tree at the turn of the road I will nail this half-spent life, and above that cross-tree I will write: "I have risen again. Who goes back to the cross-roads reclaims his own divinity."





**T**HOUGH you have not faith in  
me, I shall yet achieve; but O  
would you witness the act divine,  
add your faith unto mine.



**I**F thou dost but free thyself, thou  
art a world's liberator.

If thou dost but set thine own feet  
out upon the way of light, thou art  
redeemer of men.





**I**F thou givest that which thou dost  
not want thou mayest benefit  
another, but O thou must some-  
times give that which thou dost  
want if thou wouldst benefit thyself.



**A**ND I said, I will measure my  
faith: Though betrayed, yet  
each recurring time have I still be-  
lieved?





**O** MY Soul, my Soul, when wilt thou have kept thy sacred promise, when wilt thou have proved thy holy trust ?

Not that I may more rejoice to live, but that with impunity I may also rejoice to die.



**W**HO waits, and prays a more propitious time to be about his destiny, makes a pitiable confession. The restlessness of intensity will not be still, will not sit by and wait.







**L**ET me live this life with no thought of a hereafter, then I may live it as I would were there no hope to retrieve.



**A**ND if the plan be not for immortality, O I shall not complain. What had it not been mine, this too brief span of years? What had I missed this sweet mortality?





**A GREAT** work demands a great sacrifice, and who is not capable of a great sacrifice is not capable of a great work.



**THE** Æolian must be in your breast, else the winds are in vain.





**B**BETTER than tiaras — the diadem of freedom.

Better than broad acres — a garden of heartsease.

Better than mines of gold — a mint of dreams.

Better than bars of silver — the silver of a laugh.

Better than strings of pearls — the crystal of a tear.

Better than bands of choristers — a lute in the soul.





**I** AM life's mystery,— and I alone  
am its solution.

I am the dreamer of dreams,—  
and I am dreams come true.

I am the supplicant,— and I am  
the god that answers prayer.



**I** PRAYED for death — but now  
I know I should have prayed  
only that I might die to the things  
that inspired that desire.





**I** BEGGED to escape from suffering; I prayed God to save my soul from sin. To-day I stand aghast at the thing I should have been, had my prayer been heard.



**I** WILL not believe it was God's will that this disaster should come to me, but O since it has befallen, I am sure God's will must be that I rise up in glory, where I might go down in despair.





**I** WILL not endeavor to forget  
my sorrow by belittling it. Let  
my sorrow remain what it is, but  
O lift me up to mightier proportions.



**N**OT all who die stay dead: To-  
day an unappeased yesterday  
reached back and struck me with  
her lash.

Not all deep sleep is dreamless:  
Last night from profound slumber  
my other self rose up and mocked  
at me.





**I** MAY be helpless to change your attitude toward me, but I am not helpless to disregard it.

I may be helpless that not one among the throng shall walk a little way with me, but I am not helpless to pass on alone.





**I DREAMED** I fell down an awful precipice, and awoke to find myself lying on its very brink.

I dreamed I was lost in a bog, and when I awoke I saw before me the will-o'-the-wisp that was luring me on.

I dreamed I was crushed by an onrush of earth, and awoke to find my foot resting against the rock that would dislodge the avalanche.





**I** WILL have me a symphony of coloring. I will enmesh me in the noon sun's gold and wind about me the moonlight's silver sheen.

I will dream in a gown made of the haze of a summer evening twilight, and I will have robe on robe of the sky's deep blue, and I will line them with clouds of ermine, and from their trailing folds red stars will gleam.

I will pluck the green from the treetops, where wild birds nest and sing, and in the weaving I will ensnare a song.

I will make another of the meadow's green, and I will hang about it garlands of wood violets, and fringe it with yellow daffodils, and dip it in the redolence of the hawthorn tree.

And there is yet another that I will wear when Sorrow is my guest, and I will make it of the cold, gray mist.



**N**OT all my day can I spend in  
listening, for I, too, must evolve,  
ere the night comes on.

Not all day long can I sing your  
praise, for the hour is here when I,  
too, must create.

Not all day long can I contem-  
plate, for time is passing, and I, too,  
must live.





**I WILL** eat the Dead Sea fruit  
that is pressed to my lips, I will  
eat the aloes and wormwood.

I will pass through the furnace  
whose firebrands mark my soul.

I will drink the brine of salty  
tears, but I will drain my cup and  
cast it from me.

I will bear my cross up Calvary,  
and from that exalted height will I  
view life anew.

I am greater than my sorrow: I  
endure, it will pass away.





**I**F hungry and athirst I will go to  
him who, too, has known the  
long, gaunt form of Want.

If my burden were greater than  
my strength to bear, I would go to  
him who faltered once beneath a  
load of care.

If despairing and weary I longed  
for rest, I would go to him who once  
in dædal darkness lost his way.





**YOU** peer into my life to find a lingering past, but I tell you it was sunk ten thousand fathoms deep and weighted down with my dead self.

You look into my breast to find that old, old open wound, but I tell you I seared it with my hot tears and only the cicatrix is there.

You look into my eyes to read that oft-told story of defeat, but I tell you that the plot was changed and you will see the flag of conquest waving from the turrets of my soul.





**W**HO plants flowers in his doorway first nurtured them in his soul.

Long ere the magnolia waved o'er my estate, I caught the scent of its redolence and heard the birds singing in its branches.





**I WILL** hasten to answer the cry  
of my soul, lest long unheeded it  
cease to call.

I will speed me about my high  
endeavor, lest long delayed the fire  
burn low.

I will quicken the day of the  
manifest, lest long unfilled I lose  
faith in my dreams.



**I** MAY never traverse the halls of art, yet the dawning day is mine, and the fading twilight, and the lake at eve, and the galaxy of the midnight sky.

I may never come within hailing distance of a great music interpreter, but I may listen with my soul to the silent symphony of a moonlight sonata.

I may never place in a Dresden vase one single hothouse flower, but I may lave me in a field of yellow buttercups.

I may never find among my chattels caskets of frankincense and myrrh, yet I may sit in a rose-tree's shade, and I may wander through the wild violets' purple haze.

I may never see the far-off shimmer of the white sand of an ocean beach, yet I know where a tiny lake lies hidden in a bower of green, and the birds sing all day long, and the sunlight falls mottled on the water.





**I SAID, "It is desolation; it is neither seed-time nor harvest," but the ground lay fallow.**

**I complained, "It is ebb-tide; I drift in the moonless narrows," but another hour, a rift of illumination and flood-tide, and I swept out to the high seas.**





**I**T was a buffoon's painted face I looked upon, but I saw through his rippling laugh the droop of sorrow in his lips.

It was an artist's canvas at which I gazed, resplendent with the burst of a sunrise at sea, but I saw the artist and I knew by the light of memory that lingered in his eyes that he had traversed the shadow.

It was a carol that filled the air, but I knew by the tender mellow-ness of that voice that it was laden with the echo of a moan.





**I WANDERED** one night out over the brink of eternity, up to the Gates of Gold. "Open and let me in," I cried. "'Tis a weary pilgrim, a lost soul. Is there no room in heaven? Is there no balm in Gilead? An outcast of men, will you not take me in? The life-boat is for the storm-tossed ship, and so is the signal light in the harbor, and this — this is the wreck of a soul crying for the life-line!"

The gates swung open.

I awoke and went out again into the world of men, and all day I sang at my work.





**I SAID** it is a loveless world —  
and I confessed to have attracted  
my own like.

I said I have no faith — and I  
confessed to have at one time or  
other been my own Judas.

I dipped my brush in venom —  
and to the discerning I but por-  
trayed myself.





**T**HE world may come upon thy  
greatness in a night, but not so  
with thee.

A sudden uplift of voices may  
proclaim it, but thou shalt listen as  
one who hears an old familiar story  
told.





**T**HINK you to-morrow when the fulness of life's treasure is mine, that it will hold aught that is new or strange to me? I tell you that I long have known each masterpiece that hangs upon the walls of my To Be, and each royal robe that I shall wear was spun from starshine in my dreams; and not a jewel shall rest upon my brow but whose strange light has long enchanted me, and not a strain shall rise to charm my ear but whose far melody has long been playing in my soul.





**W**HETHER thou be king or  
peasant, I shall remember only  
that thou art a soul.

Though thy raiment be of hodden  
gray, yet I shall speak to royalty,  
and though it be of ermine, I shall  
speak only to the peasant heart be-  
neath.





**I** WOULD not be the ship that plies a wonted main, but I would be the tramp-boat and sail the port of the world.

I would not be the beaten path, but I would be the by-ways, the undiscovered country.

I would not be the old, but I would be the new, the vital, the on-coming.

I would not be of the ninety and nine, but I would be the one, and through the wilderness I would mark a new trail.







**T**HERE are no surprises to him  
who has ordered his life.

Who planted the tree at his window ledge is not surprised that birds should come singing there.

Who nurtured the shrub by his garden wall is not surprised when the roses bloom.

Who set his tent by a heaven-blue lake is not surprised at morn that great white swans are resting near.





**G**IVE me one hour of love that is consumed by the intensity of its own fire, rather than a lifetime of embers whose feeble flame knows not outburst or extinction.

Give me one effervescent glass, with its sodden dregs of memory, if I may be relieved of the draught of insipidity.

Give me a life of action, and I will accept its sorrow and its tragedy, if I may escape the way of inanition.





**H**E shall be my mentor who can  
love more and forgive oftener.

He shall teach me duty to self  
who can make greater sacrifice.

He shall teach me skill at thrift  
who scatters with a lavish hand.





**I** STOOD afar off, watching the conflict of humanity, till wise old life came along and tossed me into the arena, saying, "There! take that, pedant, if you would know."

I pondered long the book of suffering, till Time stood before me saying, "There is a quicker way," and he thrust his flaming brand against my breast.





**C**OUNT not upon thy distinction  
that thou has been chosen sharer  
of joys.

The rabble may have of my gold  
and my pleasure, but, oh! I will  
have a care as to who shall share of  
my sorrow.





**T**O-DAY I am a serf, but to-morrow is the day of manumission.

To-day I will make a survey, but to-morrow I will reset the stakes.

To-day I slash in the shallows, but to-morrow I will pass the danger line and swim the infinite sea.

To-day I walk the confines, but to-morrow I will swing out into the illimitable.





**I WILL find my joy —**

Not in a bed of hothouse roses,  
but in a wayward roadside flower.

Not in an August seashore, but in  
a hidden woodland stream.

Not in a stately ocean liner, but in  
a tiny boat that drifts and dips and  
trails among the water-lilies.

Not in the emblazoned halls of  
revelry, but out under the quiet  
stars.





**H**E is my greatest well-wisher  
who wishes me not only all  
attainment, but much defeat.

Not only all joy, but much of  
sorrow.

Not only all solace, but much  
despair.







**WHO** thinks he will fail — will  
probably fail.

Who believes that dreams are  
only dreams — will probably find it  
so.

Who doubts himself — will achieve  
only such results as will confirm it.

